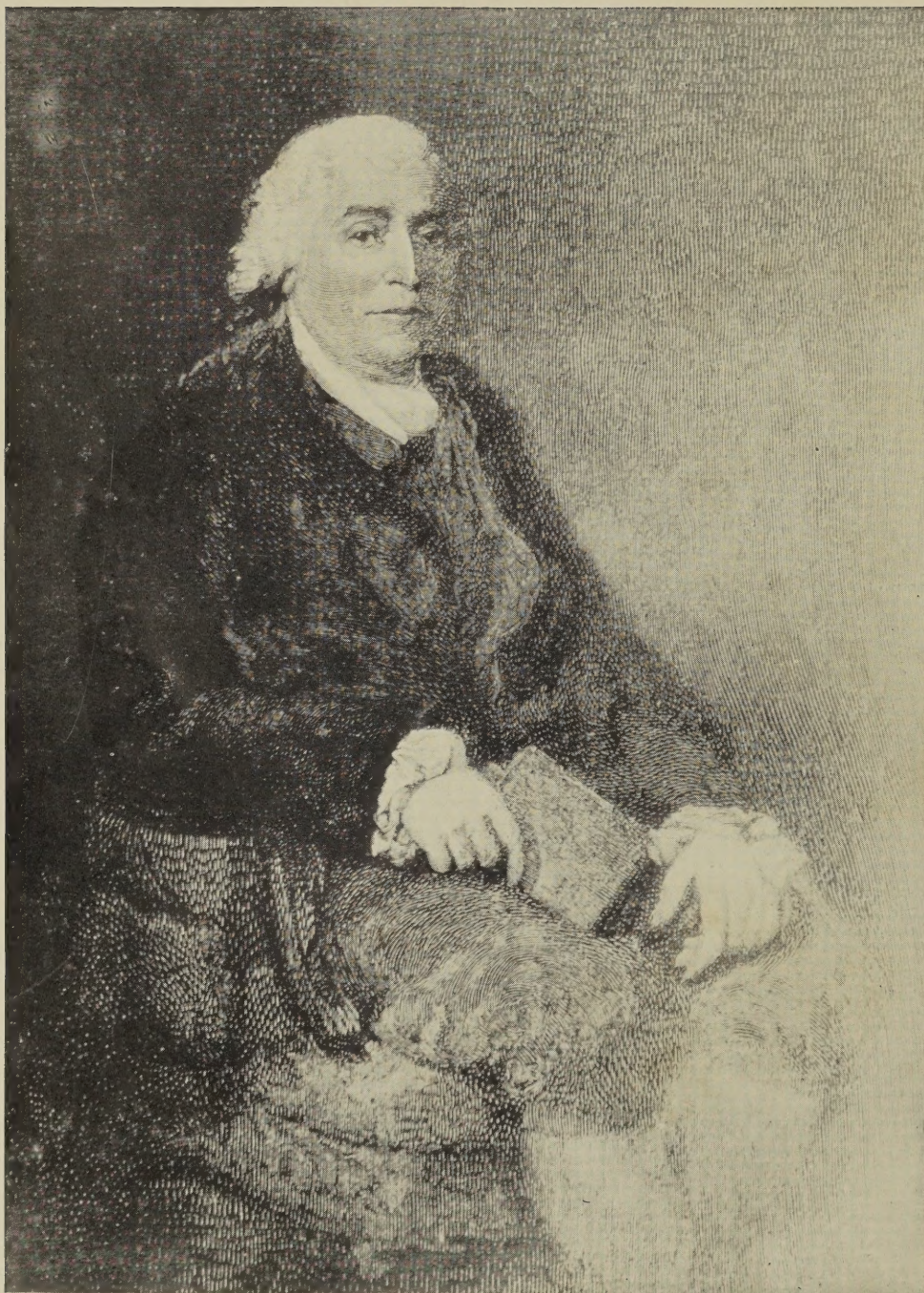




19
FAIR FACTS
35



In deep appreciation
of your unflinching effort
to make this book
a success — The Staff



FAIR FACTS

1934-1935



*FAIRYLAND
EDITION*

Waynesboro Public Library
600 South Wayne Avenue
Waynesboro, VA 22980

PUBLISHED BY
Students of Fairfax Hall
Waynesboro, Virginia





There Are Faeries

There are faeries, bright of eye,
Who the wildflowers' warders are:
Ouphes, that chase the firefly;
Elves, that ride the shooting-star:
Fays, who in a cobweb lie,
Swinging on a moonbeam bar;
Or who harness bumblebees,
Grumbling of the clover leas,
To a blossom or a breeze—
That's their faery car.
If you care, you too may see
There are faeries.—Verily,
There are faeries.

There are faeries. I could swear
I have seen them busy, where
Roses loose their scented hair,
In the moonlight weaving, weaving,
Out of starlight and the dew,
Glinting gown and shimmering shoe;
Or, within a glowworm lair,
From the dark earth slowly heaving
Mushrooms whiter than the moon,
On whose tops they sit and croon,
With their grig-like mandolins,
To fair faery ladykins,
Leaning from the windowsill
Of a rose or daffodil,
Listening to their serenade
All of cricket-music made.
Follow me, oh, follow me!
Ho! away to Faerie!

Where your eyes like mine may see
There are faeries.—Verily,
There are faeries.

There are faeries. Elves that swing
In a wild and rainbow ring
Through the air; or mount the wing
Of a bat to courier news
To the faery King and Queen:
Fays, who stretch the gossamers
On which twilight hangs the dew;
Who, within the moonlight sheen,
Whisper dimly in the ears
Of the flowers words so sweet
That their hearts are turned to musk
And to honey; things that beat
In their veins of gold and blue:
Ouphes, that shepherd moths of dusk—
Soft of wing and gray of hue—
Forth to pasture on the dew.

There are faeries; verily;
Verily:
For the old owl in the tree,
Hollow tree,
He who maketh melody
For them tripping merrily,
Told it me.
There are faeries.—Verily,
There are faeries.

—MADISON CAWEIN.

FAIRY FACTS



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Dedication

To Miss Emily Kent Post, our
Fairy Godmother, we dedicate our
Fairyland Edition of FAIR FACTS.

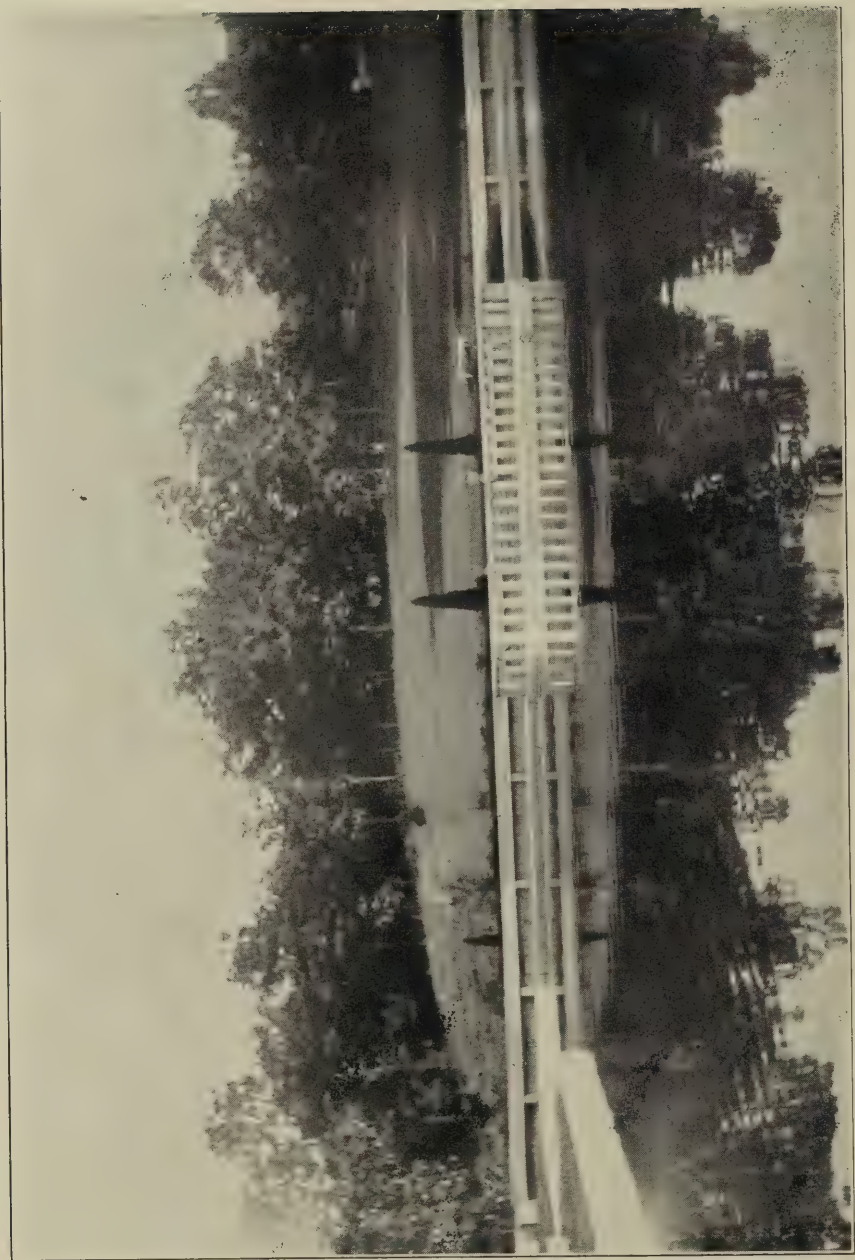
*Our Fairy Godmother, forsooth,
Who by aid of her magic stole,
Makes coaches of wisdom and truth
Of every shriveled soul—
Fine coaches, so that we may ride
Through life in a grand equipage.
Our rags of bad manners and pride,
Our worn-out shoes of vain rage,
By magic she them destroys;
And dresses each little maid
In a ball gown of charm and poise,
Of sympathy blue that won't fade;
Then happily she sends us all
To success at King Life's ball.*





The Land of Heart's Desire











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MISS BRANSFORD

MISS MAXWELL
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MISS CLUTE

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Junior College Senior Class



Miss Post
Sponsor

MOTTO

"He that builds beneath the stars, builds too low"

COLORS
Green and White

FLOWER
Lily of the Valley



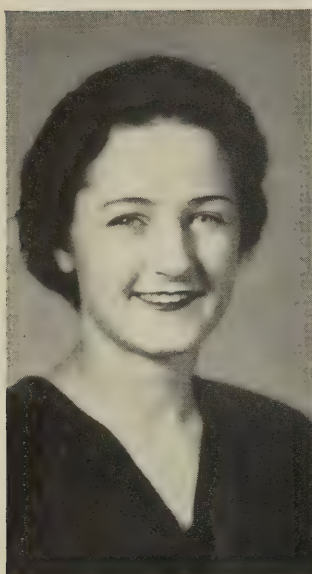
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Secretary-Treasurer



LILLIAN PRICE



JEANETTE MAXWELL



FLORENCE BARNES

JOSEPHINE BARNETT
JUNIOR COLLEGE DIPLOMA

"To be envied is to be enviable."

President of Class—2; Student Council—2; Scribblers' Club—1, 2; Treasurer and Scribe of Scribblers' Club—2; FAIR FACTS Staff—1; *Faxette* Staff—1; Choir—1, 2; Glee Club—2.

AMY LeCLAIRE JOYCE
JUNIOR COLLEGE DIPLOMA

"Music is well said to be the speech of angels."

Vice-President of Class—1, 2; Y. W. C. A.—1, 2; President of Y. W.—2; Student Council—2; *Faxette* Staff—1; FAIR FACTS Staff—1, 2; Scribblers' Club—1, 2; Fairfax Players—1, 2; President of Fairfax Players—2; Music Club—1, 2; Choir—1, 2; Glee Club—2.

MARJORIE ANN PICKER
SECRETARIAL DIPLOMA

"Her friends, they are many; Her foes, are there any?"

"Best Friend"—2; "Best Athlete"—1, 2; Treasurer of Class—2; Y. W. C. A.—1, 2; A. A.—1, 2; Treasurer of A. A.—1; Treasurer of Y. W.—2; Student Council—2; President of A. A.—2; Fairfax Players—1, 2; Treasurer of Fairfax Players—2.

LILLIAN CHENAULT PRICE
NORMAL PHYSICAL EDUCATION

"She worries not, she hurries not, her calm is undisturbed."

Y. W. C. A.—1, 2; A. A.—1, 2; Student Council—2; Scribblers' Club—1, 2; Fairfax Players—1, 2; Vice-President of Fairfax Players—2; Choir—1, 2; President of Choir—1; Glee Club—2.

ESTHER JEANETTE MAXWELL
JUNIOR COLLEGE DIPLOMA, PIANO CERTIFICATE

"She was a lady and Versatile."

Treasurer of Class—1; Y. W. C. A.—1, 2; A. A.—1, 2; Student Council—1, 2; Vice-President of Y. W.—2; Scribblers' Club—1, 2; Fairfax Players—1; FAIR FACTS Staff—1; Choir—1, 2; Glee Club—2; Music Club—1, 2.

FLORENCE KATHERINE BARNES
JUNIOR COLLEGE EXPRESSION DIPLOMA

"She is something sterling that will stay When gold and silver melt away."

Post Graduate; Editor-in-Chief of FAIR FACTS—3; Secretary of Class—1; President of Class—2; Y. W. C. A.—1, 2, 3; A. A.—1, 2, 3; "Miss Fairfax"—2; Student Council—2, 3; President of Student Council—3; President of Y. W.—2; Scribblers' Club—2, 3; President of Scribblers' Club—2, 3; Fairfax Players—1, 2, 3; Secretary of Fairfax Players—1; President of Fairfax Players—2; *Faxette* Staff—2; FAIR FACTS Staff—2, 3.

Junior College Freshman Class



MRS. HOSKINS
Sponsor

MOTTO
"We build the ladder by which we climb"

COLORS
White and Rose

FLOWER
Mountain Laurel



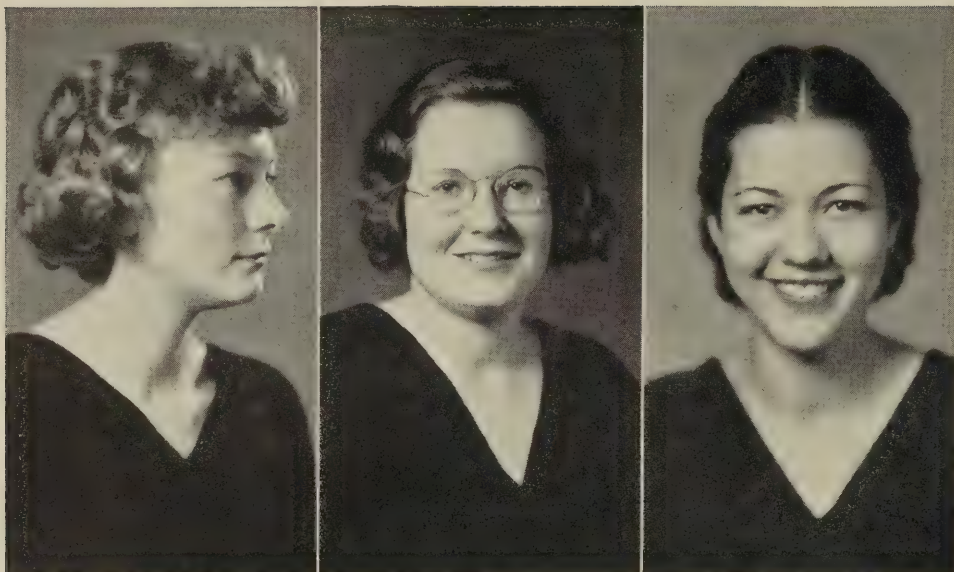
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BARBARA KERR

PRISCILLA WEBBER

VIOLET VENTRESS



ELIZABETH KLINE

CATHERINE COINER

High School Senior Class



Miss Post
Sponsor

MOTTO
"Knowledge is power"

COLORS
White and Green

FLOWER
Gardenia



JANE NELSON
President



MURIEL MASON
Vice-President



KITTY GORDON
Secretary-Treasurer



BETTY EMERY

— Lolita Main

NORMA BERNTS

JANE BEVERLY NELSON

GENERAL ELECTIVE

"Perfect simplicity, plus perfect sincerity, makes perfect achievement."

"Miss Fairfax"—4; President of Class—2, 3, 4; Y. W. C. A.—2, 3, 4; A. A.—2, 3, 4; Student Council—3, 4; Boots Club—2; Choir—2, 4; President of Choir—4; Glee Club—4.

MURIEL ELIZABETH MASON

COLLEGE PREPARATORY

*"The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more."*

Vice-President and Secretary of Class—4; Y. W. C. A.—3, 4; A. A.—3, 4; Choir—3, 4; Music Club—3; Glee Club—4.

KITTY GORDON

COLLEGE PREPARATORY

"The power of thought—the magic of the mind."

Treasurer of Class—3, 4; Y. W. C. A.—3, 4; A. A.—3, 4; Student Council—4; Treasurer of A. A.—4; FAIRFACTS Staff—4; Fairfax Players—3, 4; Choir—3, 4; Music Club—3, 4; Glee Club—4.

BETTY EMERY

GENERAL ELECTIVE

"The best conditioned and unwearied spirit in doing courtesies."

Y. W. C. A.—1, 2, 3, 4; A. A.—1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council—4; Secretary of Y. W.—4; FAIRFACTS Staff—3, 4.



VIRGINIA MUNSON

CATHERINE MULLIGAN

LOLITA DOLORES FRANCES MAIN

GENERAL ELECTIVE

*"Her love changes but, like the moon—
Always has a man in it."*

Y. W. C. A.—4; A. A.—4; Secretary of Fairfax Players—4; Music Club—4; Glee Club—4; Choir—4.

NORMA ADELE BERNTS

GENERAL ELECTIVE

"The mildest manners and the quietest heart."

Y. W. C. A.—4; A. A.—4

VIRGINIA GRACE MUNSON

COLLEGE PREPARATORY

*"Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me."*

Y. W. C. A.—4; A. A.—4.

CATHERINE MATILDA MULLIGAN

GENERAL ELECTIVE

*"Do you know I am a woman?
When I think, I must speak."*

Y. W. C. A.—4; A. A.—4; Music Club—4; Art Club—4.

The Senior Class History

CHAPTER I

TRULY IT was the Land of Make Believe when we as Freshmen first entered the fairy palace of Fairfax Hall. I, Betty Emery, am the only one of that group of eager and hopeful girls who is left.

Several unusual parties and the impressive Y. W. C. A. candle lighting service initiated us into Fairfax Hall, so that we immediately felt perfectly at home.

We as Freshmen looked on with envy but with anticipation at the various dances given by the upper classmen to which friends from the near-by schools were guests. But we had to be content with a Baby Party, which was more appropriate for our class and which did justice to our little group.

The passing of our beloved founder and friend, Mr. John Noble Maxwell, made us realize that we were "not at the top but climbing" towards the ideals and hopes which he had inspired in us.

The first commencement we witnessed provoked awe and wonderment, but it served as an incentive to make us work harder toward our final goal of "Seniorhood."

CHAPTER II

In our Sophomore year, we partook of the fun of initiating new girls into the Land of Make Believe.

We also enjoyed many unusual and interesting extracurricula events, such as; The Kreisler concert at the University of Virginia; S. M. A.'s "Struttin' fo' de Kake;" Miss Steward's lecture; and a piano concert by Mrs. Clindblom.

When May rolled around, and with it the Junior-Senior Reception, we were not yet privileged to attend, but we were consoled by the thought that we must postpone this pleasure for only one more short year.

Commencement with its lovely and impressive exercises made us feel that we were "lifting better up to best," and were making strides toward our ultimate aim.

CHAPTER III

Now, we as the Junior Class had two aims towards which to strive: first, to work so that next year we could take up that position of high and mighty Seniors; second, to give the Senior Class a year that they would always remember.

To our group we added Jane Nelson, our President, Kitty Gordon, and Muriel Mason.

Among the events that we shall look back on as never-to-be-forgotten ones are: The V. M. I.-U. of Va. football game; Mr. Harold Loring, lecturer on Indian life; The New English Singers at Staunton; The Kingsland Marionettes; and at Charlottesville, the well known pianist, Myra Hess.

At last came the long-awaited-for Junior-Senior Reception. The enjoyable evening spent by the guests, as well as the hostesses, well rewarded us for our efforts in planning this party.

So it was that "labor omnia vincit" proved true, for next year we were to be Seniors!

CHAPTER IV

It finally came true that we were Seniors. Jane Nelson reigned as our Queen; and Kitty Gordon, Muriel Mason, Betty Emery, Lolita Main, Catherine Mulligan, Virginia Munson, and Norma Bernts were her loyal subjects.

"Knowledge is power." With that maxim in mind, we strove to make our last year one that would be indelibly etched on our minds and hearts as one of happiness and accomplishment.

Some of the memories we have stored away are: a lovely tea at "Maxwelton;" a dance at the Fishburne Military School; S. M. A.—F. M. S. football game; S. M. A. Orchestra and Glee Club recital; and concert by Franceska Larsen, soprano.

Concerning our home talent, we cannot forget "Friend Hannah" and "The Mikado," both remarkable and successful productions.

As for our class undertakings, we have great pride in the success and enjoyment of the Senior party in October, the Senior Tea Dance in April, and the May Breakfast.

The Junior-Senior Reception meant more to us this year than it had meant before, for we were the guests of faultless hostesses—the Junior Class.

As our own Commencement drew near, we were left with the feeling that our four years in Fairfax had been a glorious dream, and that we after all had been living in the Land of Heart's Desire.

The reception, recitals, and exercises that took place at Commencement made us feel that we had done our best and were ready to step out into the world through the four gateways of worship, work, play, and friendship.

—BETTY EMERY, *Historian*

The Senior Class Will

WE, THE loyal subjects of our fairy Queen, Jane Titania Nelson, being light of heart, gay in spirit, and realizing that the army of Calibans has been chased from the Land of Heart's Desire, do feel it proper and fitting in the Year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirty-five, to make certain bequests to those spirits who next will tread the steep but merry hill to the "Land of Make Believe."

Accordingly, we hereby draw up, publish, and declare this our last will and testament.

ARTICLE I

SECTION I—To Fairfax Hall, our own Alma Mater, we leave a magic spell to be cast over our fairy fancies and youthful dreams that they may come true for our successors.

SECTION II—To Miss Post, our fairy godmother, we leave our sincere appreciation and gratitude for her help in making Fairfax Hall a "Land of Heart's Desire."

SECTION III—To the Maxwells, the competent officers of the "Ariel Troupe," in appreciation for the sympathy, encouragement, and untiring guidance they have bestowed on us during our four years' sojourn here, we leave a friendship necklace of dewdrop pearls.

SECTION IV—To the faculty that safely guided us through our numerous difficulties and misunderstandings, we leave fairy wands as tokens of our undying friendship.

ARTICLE II

PERSONAL BEQUESTS

SECTION I—I, Virginia Munson, leave my will power to diet to Peggy Groff.

SECTION II—I, Kitty Gordon, leave my boisterous laughter to the dining room and the halls, that its echoes may last throughout the years.

SECTION III—I, Betty Emery, leave my quiet ways to Barbara Hartley.

SECTION IV—I, Katherine Mulligan, leave my Perfolastic to Violet Ventress.

SECTION V—I, Muriel Mason, leave my ability to sing on perfect pitch to Marjorie White.

SECTION VI—I, Jane Nelson, leave my executive ability to Elise Keeney.

SECTION VII—I, Lolita Main, leave my grades in Spanish to the future Spanish II class.

SECTION VIII—I, Norma Bernts, leave my naturally curly hair to Fifi Fischer. (Note: Fifi, the curl dosen't come out when you go riding in the snow or rain.)

To this document, duly witnessed, we the loyal subjects of the Queen, on this twenty-sixth day of May, in the Year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and thirty-five, do wave our magic wands and in pansy juice affix our hand and seal.

—LOLITA MAIN, *Attorney*.

The Senior Class Prophecy

IT HAPPENED in my own beautiful flower garden that my wish to ride on clouds came true. Since my childhood I had longed to take a trip around the world. My wish to have this trip as a graduation gift was unfulfilled.

Now, ten years after I left Fairfax, I was taking that trip, not as most people take it—on dirty, rattling, bumping trains, and on rolling, pitching ships—but on a delicate, fleecy, white cloud with a fairy-like creature as my pilot.

How fast we could go! How breath-taking it was to fly in a minute from my flower garden to Madison, Wisconsin! Here my ethereal little pilot lowered me on a snowflake parachute to the roof of the Good Health Hospital, where very plainly I could see the Queen of our Senior Class, Jane Nelson, dressed in a uniform and ministering to the poor sick people.

Quickly my little partner and I mounted our cloud again and sailed away to Baltimore, Maryland, where we espied Betty Emery in a mansion on a beautiful estate. Her uniform, which was not unlike Jane's, told us that Betty was not the mistress of this home, but that she was there in the capacity of a trained nurse, relieving the aches and pains of the old Dowager who lived in the Blue Room.

Whew! Making Norway from Baltimore in two and one-half minutes almost took my breath! My little pilot successfully landed our cloud in a beautiful fiord, where she waited until I had a glimpse of Norma Bernts. Goodness, what a cosmopolite ten years of traveling had made of her. She was in Norway for a short reunion with her family before she again set sail.

The sprite and I left our mooring in Norway, took a quick trip into Germany, then lazily glided down to Italy in search of Kitty Gordon. We found that she had left Italy some time ago, and was scheduled to make her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House in an hour. At top speed my partner and I raced across the Atlantic, and arrived in New York in time to see Kitty take her numerous curtain calls.

Our little cloud became weary, so we coasted down to Pennsylvania, and there we saw a peculiar spectacular sight—a woman undertaker handling a glorious funeral for Luey Hong, who had committed suicide because of his failure to be elected Dictator of the United States. As we got closer, we saw that the undertaker was my classmate, Kay Mulligan, and that she was using an old fashioned hearse, drawn by ten of her own blue-ribbon race horses.

As we cruised along on our weary little cloud, it began to weep, and make huge raindrops, on which we glided down to the window-sill of a comfortable, cosy-looking bungalow. When we gained our equilibrium, we peeped into the window and to our amazement saw Ginny Munson and her prosperous-looking husband having dinner. We could hear him explaining how they were to spend the fabulous fee he had collected that day as payment for his winning in court the privilege for the Fairfax girls to use their private airplanes during "rec" hour.

Our tiny conveyance became fleecy-white again, and we dashed away full speed ahead. In an incredibly short while we were hovering over an unfamiliar yet beautiful

city, from which floated a peculiarly familiar voice—one I hadn't heard for ten years. On closer observation we discovered that we were over Mexico City, and there was no mistaking that the voice was Lolita Main's. The blinking lights in front of the theatre told us that she was the star of the season's musical comedy hit, "My Man."

My dream barge left Mexico in a whirl and made record time back to New York. Just before my crack pilot landed me, I insisted that she let me take a peak at Muriel Mason who was in the metropolis training a young violinist who was to enter Fairfax the next fall, and take the place her teacher had held in 1935. Muriel was also a composer of sundry compositions suitable for Rotary Clubs, Church Suppers, Chapel Exercises in Fairfax, Fashion Shows, and Pink Teas.

Now since I'd seen all the members of the 1935 graduating class at Fairfax, I was willing to dismiss my darling little pilot and her cloud, and be satisfied with the memories of a glorious trip which had made my childhood dream a reality.

—MURIEL MASON, *Prophet.*



The Merrymakers

Titania's Palace

A silver palace washed by starlight,
In the magic forest stood;
Elfin voices, elfin music
Tinkled sweetly through the wood.
In the lighted halls within, the blaze
Of jewelled armour glowed,
As fairy prince and fairy knight
To their queen in homage bowed.
Dainty dancers wrapped in moon-mist,
Rainbows, stars, and morning dew
Whirled and spun to fairy music,
Paused—then laughing—dipped anew.
A golden bird in a golden cage
Sang a song of love and power;
A fountain played, star-dust fell,
Titania smiling, plucked a flower.
The moon its silver crescent dipped
Behind a velvet mountain top,
The sun rose palely in the East,
Six chimes were heard from the fairy clock.
The dancers paused, their revels ceased,
On silent feet they quickly sped.
The palace faded into mist,
Rainbows, stars, and morning dew,

—LOLITA MAIN.



High School Junior Class

MOTTO

"Today we follow, tomorrow we lead"

COLORS

Blue and Silver

FLOWER

White Rose

| | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
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| VIRGINIA TODD | <i>Vice-President</i> |
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BETTY LINDSEY
 MARIAN STONE
 HELEN DUNKLE
 BARBARA HARTLEY

BERNICE HERSTEIN
 MARIE LAWRENCE
 ZAIDA BRAVO
 ROSA WINE



Sophomore and Freshman Class

MOTTO

"To be without pretence or sham exactly what men think I am"

COLORS

Periwinkle and Jade

FLOWER

Wisteria

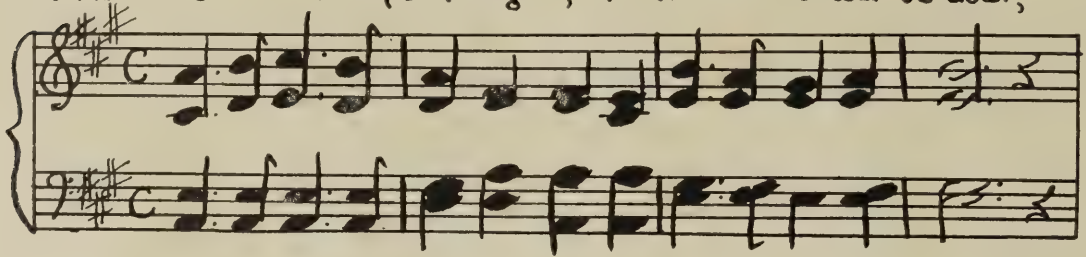
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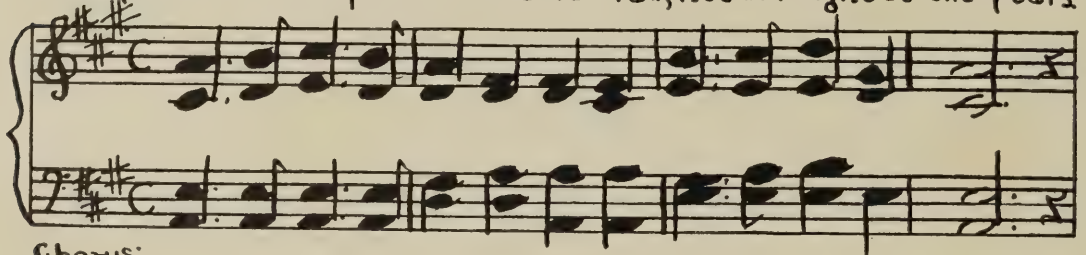
ELISE KEENEY
DOLLY WASEK
BEVERLY KING

ALMA MATER

1. Pledge we now our loyal friendship, pledge it one and all,
2. Memories will always linger, 'round our school so dear;

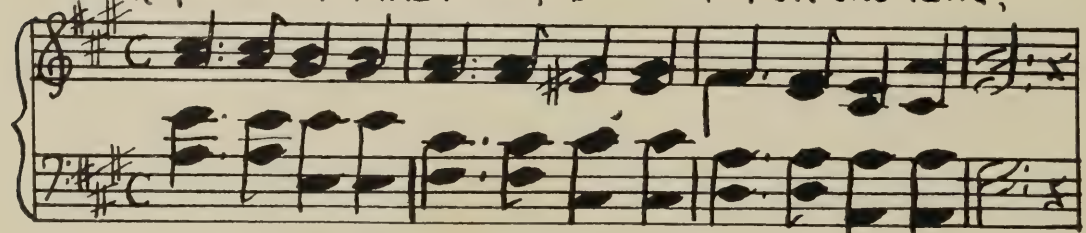


1. To the school we love so dearly; hail to Fairfax Hall!
2. May the friendships formed at Fairfax, live throughout the years

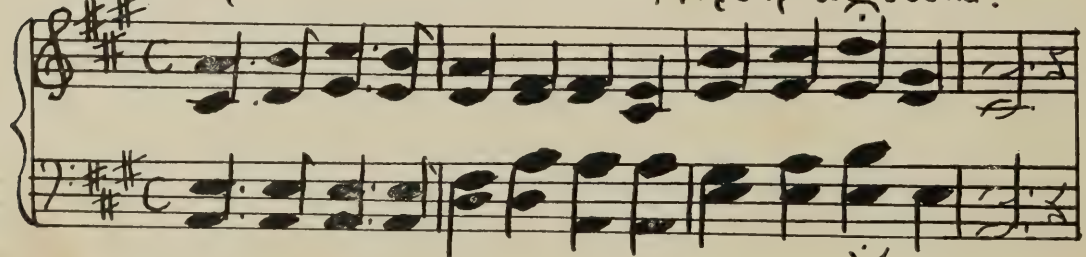


Chorus:

Loudly praise our Alma Mater, best school in the land;



Through the years we're friends forever, loyally we stand!





Fairy Frolics



Fair Facts Staff

| | |
|----------------------|-----------------------------------|
| MRS. HOSKINS | <i>Sponsor</i> |
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| LECLAIRE JOYCE..... | <i>Assistant Editor</i> |
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| MARY LEE CADY..... | <i>Assistant Business Manager</i> |
| VIOLET VENTRESS..... | <i>Literary Editor</i> |
| BARBARA HARTLEY..... | <i>Assistant Literary Editor</i> |
| VIRGINIA TODD | <i>Art Editor</i> |
| BETTY LINDSEY..... | <i>Humor Editor</i> |
| BETTY EMERY..... | <i>Staff Typist</i> |



Student Council

Miss POST.....*Sponsor*
 FLORENCE BARNES.....*President*
 LeCLAIRE JOYCE.....*Vice-President and Secretary*

JOSEPHINE BARNETT

JANE NELSON

BETTY EMERY

MARJORIE PICKER

KITTY GORDON

LILLIAN PRICE

JEANETTE MAXWELL

VIOLET VENTRESS

FRANCES STEPHENSON



The Y. W. C. A.

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| MISS BRANSFORD..... | <i>Sponsor</i> |
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| JEANETTE MAXWELL..... | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| BETTY EMERY..... | <i>Secretary</i> |
| MARJORIE PICKER..... | <i>Treasurer</i> |

The school year at Fairfax Hall was opened and closed by the Y. W. C. A. In the beginning of the year an impressive and beautiful candle lighting service was held in which all of the girls of the school pledged allegiance to the organization. Just before graduation another candle lighting service was held, the purpose of which was to make indelible the ideals, aims, and hopes which were inspired by the Y. W. C. A. during the year.

Throughout the year, the Y. W. sponsored the Sunday vesper services, which were held on each Sabbath evening, with Waynesboro Ministers and Fairfax students alternating as leaders. Under the student leaders, a connected study of the New Testament and the life of Christ was presented.

At the Christmas season, the girls selected proteges from a list of the unfortunate children in the vicinity and helped to make their Christmas brighter and merrier. The formal presentation of gifts to these children was a part of the Vesper Service on "White Sunday" evening—the last meeting before the Christmas vacation.

While the Y. W. C. A. has been particularly concerned with the spiritual development of its members, it has not been unmindful that social development is a vital part of its work, and has sponsored several enjoyable parties and entertainments during the year.



The Glee Club

| | |
|------------------------|----------------------------------|
| MISS CLUTE | <i>Sponsor</i> |
| MARION CHAPPELL | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| JEANETTE MAXWELL | <i>Librarian and Accompanist</i> |

The Glee Club of Fairfax Hall is a worthy evidence of the musical talents and interests of the student body.

Each Wednesday evening those who are "musically minded" assemble to practice, under the splendid direction of Miss Clute, programs for chapel and for various other occasions.

The most outstanding and creditable achievement of the Glee Club this year was the presentation of the "Mikado," Gilbert and Sullivan's popular light opera. The production, which was given in its entirety on March 29, was deemed a tremendous success. The applause from an enthusiastic audience was shared by the Fairfax Players, who worked faithfully in conjunction with the Glee Club in giving this excellent production.

The Glee Club has succeeded in increasing the musical activities of Fairfax Hall students and has been a source of pleasure to both its members and its audiences.



The Choir

| | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| MISS CLUTE | <i>Sponsor</i> |
| MARION CHAPPELL..... | <i>Librarian</i> |
| JEANETTE MAXWELL..... | <i>Accompanist</i> |

One of the most outstanding organizations in the musical field of Fairfax Hall is the Choir. This body of singers, under the direction of Miss Clute, has become an integral part of the school life.

Throughout the year at regular intervals, the Choir has sung in chapel. Among the most interesting and delightful programs was one containing an aria from "Hansel and Gretel;" "Lift Thine Eyes," from "Elijah;" and several folk songs.

The Fairfax Hall Choir assists in the Y. W. C. A. meetings and does much to add to the dignity and impressiveness of the services. This group has sung upon several occasions at the Methodist and the Presbyterian Churches of Waynesboro.

On March 29 the Choir lent its support to the Glee Club and the Fairfax Players in their excellent production of "The Mikado."

The Choir completed a successful year in June with its contribution to the Baccalaureate Service.



The Fairfax Players

| | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| MISS SMITH..... | <i>Sponsor</i> |
| LECLAIRE JOYCE..... | <i>President</i> |
| LILLIAN PRICE | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| LOLITA MAIN..... | <i>Secretary</i> |
| MARJORIE PICKER..... | <i>Treasurer</i> |

The Fairfax Players opened their season with a combination Charade Party by the old members, and the annual tryouts by the young aspirants. The entire evening afforded much pleasure to all, and at the same time gave an opportunity to invite new members to join the troupe.

The first production of the season was "Friend Hannah," which presented the tragic love story of King George III and a beautiful Quaker maid. The brilliancy with which the first act opened continued throughout the play. The properties were especially appropriate, for all were genuine antiques, even to a small harpsichord.

The Christmas pageant was surpassed in its histrionism only by its beauty. The indescribable loveliness of the Nativity Tableau will remain after many other pictures of Fairfax are forgotten. The music which accompanied the play seemed almost etherial, and the singing of Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" by the Fairfax Choir was superb.

On March 29 the Fairfax Players assisted the Glee Club in giving "The Mikado," a production which because of its finish and brilliance was enthusiastically received by an appreciative audience.

Fast becoming a tradition at Fairfax, "Robin Hood" retained its popularity of last year as a Commencement production. The outdoor pool and the surrounding terraces afforded ideal scenery and background; with the aid of costumes, horses, and Maypoles, the campus was transformed into a veritable Sherwood Forest.



The Scribblers' Club

MRS. HOSKINS.....*Sponsor*
 FLORENCE BARNES.....*President*
 JOSEPHINE BARNETT.....*Treasurer and Scribe*

LECLAIRE JOYCE
 JEANETTE MAXWELL
 LILLIAN PRICE

MARIAN CHAPPELL
 MARY LEE CADY
 BERNICE HERSTEIN

The members of the Scribbler's Club, as yet the baby organization of the school, met and organized in nineteen hundred thirty-five under the sponsorship of Mrs. Hoskins.

By merit of their manuscripts, two new Scribblers were added to the club.

The FAIR FACTS Staff is indebted to the Scribblers for much of the literary material found in this book. The Club is gaining in importance and gives promise of soon assuming a place of prominence among the organizations of the Alma Mater.



The Art Club

MISS FOWLER *Sponsor*
 LOUISE FISCHER..... *President*
 BETTY LOU HILTON..... *Vice-President and Treasurer*

MARGARET McGEHEE
 VIRGINIA TODD

CATHERINE MULLIGAN
 ZAIDA BRAVO

THE ARTIST

"On winter evenings, when the village sleeps,
 Jack Frost up from the lonesome meadow creeps,
 Creaking along upon the crusted snow
 To where he sees a yellow candle glow.

"And there alone all through the still, cold night,
 He works away with artist fingers light,
 Etching a picture on the frozen pane—
 A jeweled mountain on a silver plain."



THE SKETCH CLUB



FAYS AT PLAY



Dance of the Nymphs



The Athletic Association

| | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| MISS FORSELL..... | <i>Sponsor</i> |
| MARJORIE PICKER..... | <i>President</i> |
| BARBARA KERR | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| KITTY GORDON..... | <i>Treasurer</i> |

The Athletic Association of 1934-'35 was untiring in its efforts to help Miss Forsell work out an interesting athletic program.

This program began auspiciously in the fall with the organization of enthusiastic hockey teams. The annual hockey game on Thanksgiving day was a fitting culmination to a successful season in this sport. Late in October the A. A., as is its custom, sponsored a very spooky, yet delightful Hallowe'en party.

In January the classes vied with one another for honors in basketball, another popular sport. During the winter season Badminton and ping-pong maintained their status as favorite indoor sports at Fairfax.

In the spring, tennis and golf replaced indoor sports, and shouts from the swimming pool reminded that Red Cross Life Saving was well under way.

The Athletic Exhibition on the evening of June 8 brought to a close a happy and successful year in athletics.



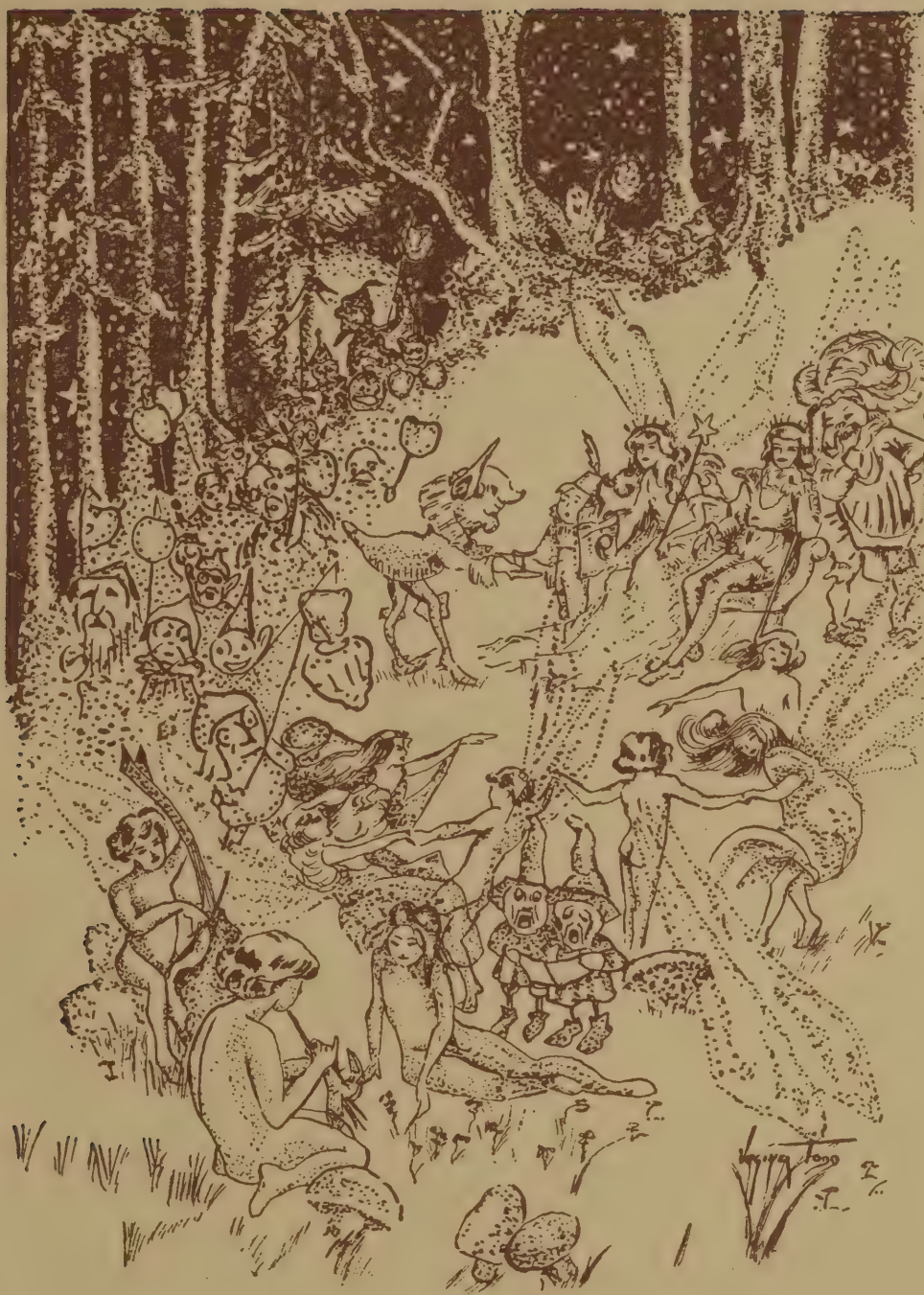
HOCKEY
BASKETBALL



VOLLEY BALL
SWIMMING



TENNIS
RIDING



The Fairy Queen and Her Court

MISS FAIRFAX



TITANIA
(JANE NELSON)

BEST STUDENT



ARIEL
(VIOLET VENTRESS)

BEST FRIEND—BEST ATHLETE



PUCK
(MAJORIE PICKER)

A Wish

Sometimes I wish that I might
Go back to the lovely shore,
And watch the waves at twilight,
Rolling in with their deep, sonorous roar.
I Long to sit there silent
On the sea-washed sand,
And let my restless thoughts be content
To glide smoothly o'er the glistening band
Of green and gold that goes
Beyond the sun-burnt horizon
To some far-off place,
Where tropical winds blow
Languorously, and lift the lazy palms in place,
To gaily gaze upon the azure blue—
As though that were all they had to do.

I wish that I might
Go back to that lovely shore
And watch the waves at twilight,
Rolling in with their deep, sonorous roar.

—JOSEPHINE BARNETT.

The Fairies' Ball

The Queen of Fairies held a ball
Just within our garden wall,
And she invited every sprite
To help her celebrate the night.
Each came, dressed in her loveliest gown
Of rose-leaf silk, with ice-jewels bound;
And they did dance with steps so fine,
And sing, and drink their dewdrop wine.
But some, I think, imbibed too much,
For they began to throw, in such
A manner—to my dismay—
The loveliest of their jewels away.
They madly tossed on bush and tree
Their strings of finest jewelry.
Old Mr. Moon climbed o'er the wall,
Making shadows slim and tall.
At first he frowned with all his might,
Then turned each jewel into a light
That shamed each fairy into seeing
Her resemblance to a human being;
And each went home to sleep it off
On fairy couch and bed so soft.

Next day, before the culprits woke,
Sol taught a lesson, played a joke;
For filled with wrath of drunken play
He melted all their jewels away.

—LECLAIRE JOYCE.

Stardust

I lived, a blind and twisted shape
That saw no light, that knew no love;
A cynic stifled 'neath the cap:
Of Logic, from the stars above:
I looked with mockery on the Spring
Despised the robin's crimson best
And held his hymn a hateful thing.
My soul was dwarfed with lifeless zest.
I screamed in pain and hid my face,
But furies held me in their sway
While burning flowers plunged from space
And rained gold pollen, as I lay
Upon my shriveled, twisted soul;
And lo! its withered shape was whole!

—LECLAIRE JOYCE.



Pinkie

PINKIE, for that was the fairy lady's name, was weeping bitterly because she couldn't attend the fairy Beauty Contest which was to be held that very night. While she was weeping, Tripit came flying by. Trip was a gallant little fairy man and a great favorite among the ladies of the court, so of course he couldn't pass by a maiden in distress. He flew to a large red tulip across from Pinkie's white one and said in his squeaky little voice, "Why are you crying?" The little mite looked up at the intruder, and as she did, Tripit nearly fell from his tulip swing; she was so lovely. Indeed she was, and her name suited her perfectly—skin as pink as cherry blossoms, golden brown hair, large starry eyes, and a perfect little body which would fit in the palm of a human hand.

Although Pinkie's family was classed F. F. F. (first family of Fairyland) in the Fairyland social register, it had been greatly affected by the depression, and Pinkie no longer had lovely clothes. Because of this she had not mingled with other fairies of the court for several years. This accounted for Trip's not recognizing her, as he was the Chief Messenger of the King recently come from Dew City to Blossomville.

"I'm crying" she answered, "because I can't go to the Fairy Beauty Contest." It was plain that Tripit meant to help her. However, he told her she must stop weeping and practice the newest flying dip. You see the fairies were to be judged not only for their beauty but also for their grace in flying.

He looked at her for five long fairy seconds and then disappeared. Now Tripit was something of a connoisseur on styles; indeed, at one time he had seriously considered designing fairy court gowns. In a short time he reappeared carrying across his arm a gossamer drape of mist. The little man gathered a handful of rose petals—pink, rose-red, and scarlet hued—and with the rose petals proceeded to dye the misty cloth, matching the color with the faint rosy glow of the dying sunset. When he had finished, the cloth was a silvery rose color—material fit for the Queen! He draped the robe around Pinkie, fastening it with diamond dewdrop clasps. On her curls he placed a wreath made from the tiniest rose petals. It seemed that Trip couldn't do enough. Next he brought forth silver sandals made from the finest cobwebs. He flew to the western sky and pulled down a tiny fluffy cloud. From this he fashioned a lovely cloak which, when put over the silvery rose dress, made Pinkie look like a fairy dream.

The lady of the moon had lit her lamp, and all the street lights of heaven had come on, drenching the garden in silvery sheen. The little evening breezes were playing tag in the garden, making all the flowers nod to and fro to one another. Pale mignonettes, roses, hollyhocks, pinks, tulips, poppies, and many others were looking their very best this evening.

It was almost time for the gala affair to begin.

Oh! There were the little elfin scouts with their firefly torches leading the way for the goblin slaves who were carrying the huge calla lily thrones. Next came the royal guard of fays and gnomes on their horsefly steeds. And then! Their Majesties the King and Queen approached! What sovereigns in their fairy coaches of sea shells drawn by four handsome dragon-flies! There was a buzz, buzz, buzz! Why, of course it was the fairy court approaching, and the fluttering of their little wings sounded like the buzzing of many bees.

The dainty King and Queen were seated on their thrones with their court around them. Many of the fairy maidens sat on the magnolias around the thrones, and the little gnomes and fays each picked a flower chair. Directly in front of the throne was a lovely sunken pool which gave back a picture exquisite in its beauty! The firefly lanterns and glowworm torches of the little elfin men blinked on and off, making the

picture clearer at some times than at others. A little fay was ringing a lily-of-the-valley, and the silvery chimes of the tiny bells tinkled in the clear air of the garden. The moonlight playing about showed at intervals tiny waterfalls and cascades of dew falling from the stones of the rock garden.

From a nearby hedge came faint strains of fantastic music. The fairy orchestra was composed of crickets and grasshoppers playing on acorn drums or dew cymbals, and one little fellow was playing a harp with golden strings made from moonbeams. The soloist of the evening was a nightingale that trilled sweet songs at various intervals.

By this time the flower seats were all taken and there was a fairy lady and gentleman on every blossom of the two huge magnolias. We must remember that this was one of the greatest of the fairy fetes and tiny people had come from Blossomville, Dew City, Poppytown, and numerous other fairy villages to watch the spectacle.

At last! The fairy trumpet heralding the way for the parade! Such lovely fairy ladies hadn't been seen in many long years. The gowns were gorgeous, made from the finest rose de chine, cobweb crepe, and dew satin.

Blond fairies, brunette fairies, and even red-haired fairies flew and tripped around the judges' stand, which was, by the way, a huge toadstool. Everyone thought the contest was over, and a faint murmur of tinkling voices could be heard, when suddenly from out of nowhere appeared a little fay who bowed and flew aside to usher in the loveliest vision the fairies had ever seen.

Every fairy gave a tiny fairy gasp as the unknown beauty in the silvery rose gown flew gracefully around the toadstool and then danced to and fro on a tiny shaft of moonlight.

All seemed anxious to know who this exquisite creature was except one who, although he clapped a fairy clap with the others, smiled smugly as Pinkie returned to join the group on the mushroom benches near the judge's stand.

After several long fairy minutes, the judges announced the winner to be the "Unknown Silver Rose." Of course this was Pinkie, and her tiny heart was beating so fast it made her little wings flutter! Tripit was the first to congratulate her, after the King and the Queen, which made her tiny heart beat so fast it nearly took her breath away.

Already the orchestra was tuning up for the ball, and Tripit, the dream fairy of all the fairy maidens, asked Pinkie to be his partner for the evening.

The silver dream brigantine, which was sailing through the dark blue sea and tossing on the cloudy white caps, was soon moored outside a bedroom window. The mistress of the moon turned out her lamp and retired to let her brother, Mr. Sun, keep watch. Mr. Sun was already creeping up in the eastern sky and peeping through the same bedroom window. A tiny breeze made the brigantine bump against its dock, and a sleepy-eyed little girl awoke to a beautiful morning and to the realization she'd been "Lady for a Night."

FLORENCE BARNES

Prologue

To write sincerely, and to turn at will
A drifting fancy into words,
One must scribble lightly first upon some inner page,
And with a bluebird's feather for a quill,
Dip deep into the crystal drop that rests within the heart
Of one red velvet rose.
And one must gather all the loveliness that one knows—
The laughing bubble of a brook that brought
A fallen petal drifting down its stream,
A wood-dove's call, the glancing beauty of the stars themselves—
And one must needs ask the help of elves,
The punctuation mark of dreams.

—VIOLET VENTRESS.

Silence

Silence is a multi-colored thing
That makes the soul weep and sing.
In the place
Where angry words alone remain,
There is stricken Silence writhing in speechless pain,
Waiting only to sink despairingly upon its face.
The Silence that speaks the heart's supreme design—
Mightier than the mightiest word ever flung—
Explains the beauty of the song unsung,
And reaches heights that weakly words can never find.
Silence is a strange, fantastic thing
That makes this life a golden string.

—JOSEPHINE BARNETT

On Trying to Write a Poem

First I get some notebook paper,
Then I point my Parker's taper.
I sit a while, and then I jot
A line or two, and then I blot.
Then I ramble up and down,
And screw my face into a frown.
I bite my nails and tear my hair,
And all the while just sit and stare.
I gaze upon some books piled high,
But there's no inspiration nigh.
Then I get a sudden shock—
The lightbell rings—it's ten o'clock.
In vain I've tried a poem to write,
For all I've done is sit tonight.
I guess I must be mighty dumb,
But inspiration just won't come!

LILLIAN PRICE

A Prayer

God, guide me every day,
Teach my lonely heart to pray.
Give me strength to climb the road;
Let me gladly bear the load.
God, make my every thought to be
Some sweet psalm to sing to Thee.
—JOSEPHINE BARNETT.



THE MIKADO
ROBIN HOOD

Entertainment and Social Calendar

1934



- Old girls' reception to new girls . . . fun.....September 22
- New girls' reception to old girls . . .
more funSeptember 27
- Tea at "Maxwelton" for teachers and girls . . .
delightfulOctober 5
- Tryouts for admission of new members to
Dramatic ClubOctober 6

"The Green Pastures"—production by New York cast,
Paramount Theater, Charlottesville.....October 11

"Styles of the Antiquated Nineties"—Teachers'
party for girlsOctober 13

Trip to Grand Caverns . . . educational.....October 15

Senior Frolic in Recreation Hall . . .
fun againOctober 20

Hallowe'en Promenade—Cadets of Fishburne Military
School for Fairfax Hall girls . . . grand....October 27



Recital, "Women from Shakespeare"—Emily
Wells SmithNovember 2

Professional hockey game at Lynchburg.....November 3

Football game—Fishburne Military School vs. Staunton
Military Academy . . . excitingNovember 10

Recital—girls from Voice and Piano
DepartmentsNovember 17

Piano recital—Josephine Barnett.....November 29



"White Elephant" party given by Sophomore
ClassDecember 1

Four-Act Drama, "Friend Hannah"—
The Fairfax Players.....December 7

Dance given by Fairfax Hall to Cadets of
FishburneDecember 8

Violin recital—Muriel Elizabeth
Mason.....December 14



Y. W. C. A. White Christmas . . . Nativity Pageant . . .
presentation of gifts to the poor
beautifulDecember 16

Homeward boundDecember 18

1935

Treasure hunt given by Junior Class.....January 12

Complimentary concert given by the orchestra and
the glee club of Staunton Military Academy—fol-
lowed by a dance.....January 19

Concert—Reinald Werrenrath, baritone, at
StauntonJanuary 25



Opera, "The Mikado"—Fairfax students . . .
marvelous (if we do say so).....March 29

Lecture on astronomy—Mrs. S. A. Mitchell.....April 12

Trip to Monticello, Ashlawn, and
University of Virginia.....April 22

Recital—Jeanette MaxwellApril 26

Trip to Natural Bridge and Lexington . . .
funMay 6

Recital—Florence BarnesMay 11

Senior May breakfast.....May 13



Junior-Senior danceMay 17

Recital—Katherine GordonMay 18

Fairyland Banquet . . . surprises.....June 1

Athletic ExhibitionJune 7

Play, "Robin Hood"—The Fairfax Players . . .
Student recital . . . Art Exhibition . . . Re-
ception to Commencement guests.....June 8

Baccalaureate sermon and Y. W. candle-lighting
serviceJune 9

Graduation exercises, farewells . . .
tears!!June 10



Jokes

MRS. BARNES: Do you like rarebits?

YOUNG MAN, a friend of "Flo": Only when I kill them myself.

PRISCILLA, reading a sign by a lake: Don't fish here.

BOBBY: I don't know, do they?

After Crandall has announced a plea for salt for her lettuce for the fourth time, "Babs" hands it to her and remarks, "Oh my! lettuce turn over a new leaf and nip this in the bud."

A suggestion from Miss Thomas to the editor of FAIR FACTS

FRESHIE: What does N. R. A. mean?

OLD GIRL: At Fairfax Hall, it means Nine Royal Anne Cherries.

BONERS

Carlyle always struggled for a "bear" living.

We see in Browning's *My Last Duchess* that the "Duck" is a lover of art!

When asked how to avoid straining one's eyes, our little Porto Rican remarked, "Use them as few as possible."

PUNS

Miss Clute spends her summers in "lime" (Lime, Connecticut)!

February 22.

SQUIFFY: Is this George Washington's hatchet?

FLO: Hatchet I know?

Our riding master was a Rubush.
Now we have a new Bush!

FLO: I had my annual dream last night.

SQUIFF: That's "fairy" bad.

MISS SMITH: Correct this sentence: "It was me that spilt the ink."

TEENY: It wasn't me that spilt the ink.

MISS PLUMER: Are you doing anything for that cold?

KITTY: Surely; I sneeze whenever it wants me to.

Dolly was just home after her first day of school. "Well darling," asked her mother, "What did they teach you?"

"Not much," replied Dolly, "I've got to go again."

MRS. HOSKINS: Really, Jane, your handwriting is terrible. You must learn to write better.

JANE: Well, if I did, you'd be finding fault with my spelling.

FIFI: Didn't you hear me pounding on the ceiling?

PEGGY: Oh, that's all right. We were making a lot of noise ourselves.

"If there were four flies on a table, and I killed one, how many would be left?" inquired Miss Gambill.

"One," Answered Beverley, "the dead one."

MRS. HOSKINS: Give me three collective nouns.

MURIEL: Flypaper, wastebasket, and vacuum cleaner.

A Perfect Fairfax Girl Would Have---

"Bobby" Kerr's hair,
Elsie Keeney's eyes,
Louise Fischer's nose,
Marjorie Crandall's mouth,
Beverley King's smile,
LeClaire Joyce's complexion,
Lolita Main's voice,
"Vi" Ventress' brains,
"Flo" Barnes' figure,
Betty Lou Hilton's feet,
Julia Ramsay's hands,
Jane Nelson's popularity,
Marjorie Picker's sportsmanship,
Kitty Gordon's versatility,
"Babs" Hartley's artistic talents, and
Mary Lee Cady's disposition.



Limericks

FLORENCE BARNES

Most people wait till one's dead
To heap compliments on his head;
But you so rate,
We'll say you're great
While you're alive, instead.

JOSEPHINE BARNETT

There's Paderewski and Hess, we know,
Who the world their talents show;
But you'll find our own star
Will surpass them by far,
For we've great hopes for our Jo.

NORMA BERNTS

Her hair is like spun gold,
Her form did Venus mold;
Her cheerful way,
Her smile so gay
Will aid her till she's old.

ZAIDA BRAVO

We like her accent and her charm,
And we feel quite sure that no harm
Will come to this Miss
Who lives in the bliss
Of protection 'neath Dame Fortune's
arm.

MARY LEE CADY

Her eyebrows grow in a way
That makes each one of us say,
"Oh, please don't pluck,
They're surely good luck;
And, what's more, we like them that
way."

MARION CHAPPELL

We like that part you had
When you raved and stormed like mad;
Though your acting was good,
We all understood
You found it hard to be bad.

CATHERINE COYNER

We hardly know you at all,
For since you began in the fall,
Your time you consume
In Miss Maxwell's room,
Except for Commercial Law.

MARJORIE CRANDALL

And then there was Marjorie Crandall,
To whom Venus could not hold a
candle;
She lives in hot water
Because, said the daughter,
She found Burns so pleasant to handle!

HELEN DUNKLE

With softened looks and smiles,
She many a heart beguiles.
We're in a position
To judge disposition,
And hers isn't equal for miles.

BETTY EMERY

True patience is better than riches;
If typing could only make stitches,
She'd free those twelve brothers
And save many others
With sweaters that broke spells of
witches.

CATHERINE ERRETT

Then there's a girl from Ohio
Who keeps us in stitches—oh, my, oh!
She puts us in panics
With all of her antics,
This charming young girl from Ohio.

LOUISE FISCHER

You like her as soon as you meet her,
The gods with kindness did treat her;
She'd accomplish 'fore long
Success with her song
If she were not a "lotus eater."

KITTY GORDON

Katrushka, for what suits her better,
It's Kitty in each single letter;
Her voice, rich and rare ,
Her heart and her hair
Were found to be gold when we met
her.

PEGGY GROFF

Oh fates, if I only could
With Hanzel and Gretal have stood
When their eyes discovered
And longingly hovered
On that house made entirely of food.

BERNICE HERSTEIN

Some day you'll make your mark
If to Fortune's knock you hark;
You're filled with grace
Of form and face
And own ambition's spark.

BARBARA HARTLEY

Of your intellect we're well aware,
Of your athletic ability, rare;
But when you sang and fanned,
We could only stand
In speechless surprise and stare.

BETTY LOU HILTON

We asked, "Oh Dickey's bird, why
Do you sit and moon and sigh?
She said, "Oh, dear,
I'd love it here
If 'twere closer to town, oh my!"

LECLAIRE JOYCE

We've heard your songs for hours
In your room, the halls, and the
showers;
We'd like to suggest
With very much zest
We wish you had tried the towers.

ELISE KEENEY

Her hands slide from pose to pose,
She's pert from her head to her toes;
For chief assets
We place our bets
On her eyes and quaint Irish nose.

BARBARA KERR

She's borrowed Miss Goldy lock's hair,
Which curls in a way that is rare;
We're sure that she will
Never one minute kill
Except when she's knitting with care.

BEVERLEY KING

A Puck, that was sent to earth
To fill our days with mirth.
She's small in size,
Yet one's surprized
How much to us she's worth

ELIZABETH KLINE

Hickory, dickory, dock,
She's as quiet as the mouse in the clock;
If she'd even stoop
To sometimes snoop,
She'd give to us all a great shock.

MARIE LAWRENCE

With her grace almost sublime,
Her dancing, most divine,
Is duly noted
And always voted
The best by each stag line.

BETTY LINDSEY

Her voice is like a chime
Heard at mellow eve'n time;
Hear heart is gold.
Her courage bold
Is an armor of truth woven fine.

MARGARET McGEHEE

Your houskeeping's not so good;
Sometimes you don't act as you should;
But tho you're bad,
We're almost glad
And wouldn't change you if we could.

LOLITA MAIN

She has the gift of song,
And it never takes her long
To move your heart
To take her part
Even though she's wrong.

MURIEL MASON

Though we must say adieu
When this school year is thru,
We'd like to know
Before we go
If there's one thing you can't do.

JEANETTE MAXWELL

We're sure her laugh she took
From a babbling, tinkling brook;
But please don't insist
On an attribute list,
For that would fill up this book.

CATHERINE MULLIGAN

We'd like to ask in this rhyme
(For the pictures you paint are sub-
lime.)
Could we join forces
And ride your horses
And come up to see you sometime?

VIRGINIA MUNSON

The personification of honey!
And if charm could be used for money,
She'd have no trouble
In obtaining double
The share of a life that is sunny.

JANE NELSON

"Love envieth not and is kind."
This verse she brings to mind;
It shows as well
What we would tell
As any words one could find.

MARJORIE PICKER

This verse superfluous seems;
The statistics and the teams
All prove her worth,
Personality, and mirth,
Good luck, "Crip", and fulfilment of
dreams.

LILLIAN PRICE

She walks with a Southern crawl;
She talks with a Southern drawl;
But tho slow in her actions,
She's blessed with attractions
That make her endeared to us all.

JULIA RAMSAY

You'd know her a princess by sight,
Just made for a brave handsome
knight;
If she'd lived long ago,
He'd have conquered his foe
And carried her off in the night.

STEELE SHERWOOD

We never could quite guess
The secret of her success
Until, we recall,
She drove a white ball
Across the campus—no less!

FRANCES STEPHENSON

We thought we saw a man
Cloaked head and foot and hand;
But we did make
A great mistake,
'Cause it was only Fran.

MARION STONE

We're in a curious mind,
So we would like to find
Why you feel better
With a Baltimore letter,
Before we end this rhyme?

VIRGINIA TODD

Like magic grinding mill,
Her closet the fairies fill;
So tho she tore
Each dress she wore,
There'd surely be scores left still.

VIOLET VENTRESS

In mind she's keen and bright;
In heart she's strong and right;
Tho we must part,
She's in our heart
Yet far removed from sight.

DOLLY WASEK

For her to think is a care;
Her knowledge of Fishburne is rare;
She knows their names
And favorite dames,
And always has news to spare.

PRISCILLA WEBBER

She's as clever as any old fox,
But as quiet as a stored-away box.
We'd like to know
Before we go
Did you ever finish those socks?

MARJORIE WHITE

She's one little maid of three
Who, besides being pleasing to see,
Has the humor of Puck
And is certain of luck
Wherever she happens to be.

ROSA WINE

If Rosa in class is slow
And her lessons she dosen't know,
We find it's true
To this it's due—
Over the week-end, she had a beau!

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